Artwork by Tiphanie Windsor

Nude Bandits

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$5

Table of Contents

ego maze craze 4
bandits of innocence 9
philosophic temptress 11
crib prisons 18
woman at the blueberry farm 21
nude 22
guilt 25
nerves 26
lost in the maze 29
rainy day 30
bad wake insomnia 35
beautiful hearts 38
haircut from hell 39
ybor city 47
warm in booby land 50
slave tired souls 53
dedicated to Utah 56
friendly meeting 58
indecision 60
the search or escape 62
revelation 64
die another day 66

ego maze craze

Thick chubby black snake slithers from thunderous Eden seeking escape in ego maze craze across hot dry brown desert sand layered with solitude shadow nervous with snake eye anxiety peering into glass fortress in nearby hell containing foggy winter mind field of slow snowflake drift layering yellow cabs, flakes collecting on night lit neon diner signs, green lampposts & dull frigid sidewalks greeting coffee smelling cafe doorways leading to warm interiors decorated by couples in drag disguise & others masked which sit curiously looking at each other in warm cafe chairs happily clutching white hot mugs which in their porcelain spheres give birth to philosophical tongue sensations penciled in by newspaper headlines & talk radio hecklers heard drooling through black fish net like amplifiers – a nude bandit & almost all others there speaking -- only to be interrupted by long deep lung puffs of filter less clove cigarettes & Indian carved wooden pipes stuffed with sticky Cavendish chunks slow burning smoke spewing forth into dusty red rusty spinning fans ceiling fastened churning fast in circular orbit like tornado twirling top toy -- dancing over dirty kitchen tile soaking in bright morning sunshine – the fans churn through

everyone's mish-mash of scents – we are all happy here --even quiet non-social ones with gray beards & groomed triangular hair dangling spilling bent strand shadows over chess boards competing for "CHECK MATE" pride -- as others sip from sapphire stained tea pots sitting heavy on short unbalanced tables placed between hollow Russian room curtains littered sticky with cob web spider traps -- their eyes like hungry flies busily scanning book words reading Nietzsche Kerouac Bukowski Ginsberg Rimbaud -- brave minds spying madly into yellow page fold -- seeking to transcend inner soul lost in colorless lonesome maze craze of ego born visions -- -- ego maze craze being "psora" --that slick psychic itch we all have -- itch of disease & sin & desire -- scratch it & it gets worse -- don't scratch it and then be doomed to human itch torture-- all of us itch – hopeless romantics splattered in life's canvas like a Dali grasshopper – blood stained heart and souls - others of us eased with mirrors & 24 hour beer binges – yet we are all happy here – just to be here -- especially young late teen golden haired girl sitting in short black mini skirt – sitting cross legged and flirting behind burgundy stained lips -- her entire body shape & naked smile like Marilyn Monroe overwhelming as she combs her giddy hair with ghost white fingers then tilts her head sideways -- revealing naked neck

skin smooth flowing into shoulder slope & bra strap -- then she silently decides to free a slave smile from her lady dungeon -- her slave lips being wet & wide red curved for the photographer shyly swallowing lukewarm water at her table -- his lightning camera flash capturing time essence moment pose -- ready for secret home magazine portfolio collage stuffed in hidden dining room cabinets -- yes all of us happy here to be here – need to take a time out from the sad bongo sounds of ego maze craze --some playing dominoes - gin rummy or spades for drinks & in between games they check out vampire women in black gothic dresses mumbling conversations full of unanswered questions starting with "why" & "what" & "how" & "which" & "where"-- all answers ending with the next series of questions -- their adventurous minds tired of asking -- then retire & recline back into 52 card deck destiny where they prefer mathematical symbols & rules & limits -- contradictions & explanations to sooth the pain of ego maze craze - logic puzzles – psychology books – yoga classes – bible readings - wisdom signs read "IGNORANCE IS BLISS" "WARNING : DON'T ASK QUESTIONS" --yes all of us happy here to be here --even the suicidal ones with Hemingway books fingers busy writing checklists of their hatred in notebooks – minds busy trying to dry life's wet depressive side absorbed deep

in memory large intellectual brain sponge soaking up negative perceptions brought about by going blind in the maze -- eyes & mind lost feeling unnatural forbidden angles -- suicidal ones with sensitive spines & blue electric emotions calmed by medicated pills swallowed with loose tea gulps & daily mocha java specials delivered on brown trays by friendly name tagged goth vixens in red dyed hair – others with sexual vixen fetish suffering from ego maze craze within all of us – but we are happy to be here-- including violin players on the stage between poetry readings -- & long haired guitar players playing soft for microphone soprano chick voice dancing on high note dance floor made of silhouette perfume girl daze mystifying the men watching on in typical male glance -- all wishing they could make her – wishing we can make a difference -- even local politicians running on libertarian & third party platforms trying -- even though universal laws and odds are against them & their parties could be infiltrated by greed and dishonest power – don't quit on change --deny what is deemed by THEM other ego brothers "IMPOSSIBLE" & "CONTROLLABLE" -- you have freewill so use it – open the jar and let the butterfly escape -- open your eyes to our 21st century "NEW ERA" asylum – our SOCEITY full of social moods seeking renewed identity for OLD self & spiritual

purpose – all sorts of moods abound -- is it all really about greed? – trust yourself – seek answers within -- remember that the mind is a lavatory of human experiment -- a universal canvas for battle between idea – a place to seek meaning of symbol – a place to get soul lost --a haunted maze of mystery -- where blind men live – your shadows there – and mine too – and although some care -- others don't --- but it doesn't matter because we're all on the same boat storm sailing earth lost in ego maze craze

bandits of innocence

child innocence
a sacred religion
that no one protects
nor preserves
just something else
they will steal
as children evolve
into adults

now you and I
are both adults

what we've lost
can only be found
in vague memories
& subconscious
desires
which we carry
like dirty luggage
full of pain & fear

for what we
want now
is because of something
we lost then

unresolved things
we lost
along the way

the bandits
our shadows
always elusive
lurking somewhere
with the loot

unseen within
they lead us forward
blind-folded into
ego craze maze

then follow
our footsteps
as we wander confused
into dead ends

how kind they are
to let us see them outside
following us

you on
your journey
& me
on mine

my best
wishes for us
in our search
for
revelations.

philosophic temptress

I looked in the mirror - and saw my future - severed head of Orpheus - fresh blood dripping - heartbroken eyes - bodiless - I felt alone – saw myself scared – quickly I turned away from the mirror - feeling inner truths slip into oblivion - feeling sadness - watching hope decay into self delusion - and I escaped by turning my back to the mirror – the maze of self reflection –the mirror now stealing & swallowing my naked shadow with a kiss humming a wedding vow curse – true love in the air – lemongrass perfume remedy - Cupid curiously unveiling mystical events – shooting stars – coincidences - love line fate scribbling hints – sudden cosmic delivery of Taurus born in Scorpio moon – she was delivered on my dirty mattress – maybe to love me – maybe not – I never finished peeling the pedals from the daisy to know if, "She loves me, she loves me not." – every day is a pedal – and so my philosophic temptress now lays naked against the soft pillow smoking tea – tarot card eyes – foreign accent speaking to sooth my gloom - curious jasmine voice - caressing my lonesome planetary doom with distant mysterious female beauty and words - she lay there naked - on her back of soft spine & clover skin - completely nude - except for six shiny black heel straps entwining her

ankles & toes - circling short ankle hairs like midnight ivy hugging doorsteps to Greek goddess mind – her tan skin a perfect sculpture by deceased ancestors – kind brown acorn eyes – gentle peach fuzz cheeks - her arms & legs now spread open – invisible wet smiles invite me – secret open circular lips exhale a wet kiss - which smears my chin - she was almost ready to swallow, suck & absorb me – transform & reshape me – re-arrange me – mold me as she wishes - but I was afraid - and she was too - so she stated gently, "Come over here and be a friend to me." - her hand reaching out with ivory fingers drowning in red wine stains & a wedding ring trophy - I didn't want to reach for another man's hand - I was paralyzed - the room became a perilous doom – her book shelves were full of poets frozen in foreign dark tombstone words – pictures of children dormant in her crystal ball frames – but I could not tell whose children they were - "I am the one to free you…," I whispered softly – but she did not answer – suddenly a warm gust of wind smacks wooden window panes - a bright flicker alarms the air - a sudden heavy rain hammers glass - it sounds like dozens of marbles bouncing over a tile floor – or golf balls banging across concrete – and I knew heaven was sad - it's wet tears were falling for hopeless romantics – nude bandits - living in confusion & sin – both sketched as

dim shadows slithering across earth under mysterious moon - and so she spoke again, "You can trust me, can I trust you?." - her hands trying to bring me nearer to her soft bones protruding thin skin – someone said, "Falling in love heals everything" - but this did not cure my paralysis – it worsened it - I could not move – it was as if she had turned me to stone – her deep hypnotic eyes paralyzed me - Medusa – but she was not – for she feared snakes and loved fire – tinderbox memories soon fueled the heat of our love melting me like butter – burning my heart – we were two hopeless romantics basking in the sunshine of love – Cupid's arrows fastened me to the chair – gravity fixing my hat closer to my brown eyebrows so she could not see my eyes to steal my heart again – I remained silent & sad - and did not respond verbally to her – in the silence, we were hungry and starving for words – shyly hoping for someone to break the silence - and then suddenly - CABOOMMM!!!!! - a sudden crash of thunder shattered our air - splinters of terror pierced our nerves - she jerked in fear only to calm down a moment later - and she sighed heavily – exhaling prowling feline glances into my soul – she was growing impatient – yearning for me to embrace her – to make a move but I would not - so instead she lay there staring deep into my eyes - massaging my soul with her deep

hypnotic hands – her fingertips of female bliss held time still - as our eyes finally locked and danced to a sleepy harp – Cupid secretly strumming with smiles - and she hid the key to her heart - until she wanted to me to escape - "She's not Eurydice" she informs me in a accent momentarily Russian - whilst puffing on a cigarette rolled in scrolls of Immanuel Kant- her lips open blowing smoke rings up into the spinning ceiling fan - a spider in the lampshade ashtray - ready to become ash – one leg broken and 7 others fragile with sin – fire and fate always burn bad karma, no matter how many eyes or legs you have to escape – just then I retired myself wearily into a straw chair happily confused in the northern corner of the room – parked next to the cold & lonesome radiator - I just sat still sipping from a green glass bottle of Australian Shiraz – her eyes very bewildered & impatient - as I carefully peeled off the multicolored label AND tossed crumbled aluminum pieces onto the carpet - careful not to cover burn holes & dust mites – suddenly footsteps approached – they were in the hallways outside - KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK pelts the door – the temptress whispers softly, "It's your wife, you'd better let her in." - and I tried to get up from the chair - but my legs were still paralyzed - and I just couldn't speak - and she nodded her head some more - looking even more bewildered & impatient – brown

Acorn eyes – clean crimson hair – angelic face – she kindly frowns - KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK – "I still love you" my wife confesses through the damp wooden door – her knocking continues for 60 more seconds – and then it stops - galloping high heel soles fade down the stairwell abyss - my wife was gone – but a venomous snake lurked in her path, hissing angrily – my temptress revealing, "I'm Eurydice," her accent now momentarily Macedonian – "When a woman leaves, she leaves forever," she prophesizes in frustration rolling on her soft tummy - I could now see her smooth white cavernous ass – it was gentle sloping wonderful – but it was not her body that I wanted – it was her mind – her love – her philosophy - and in the darkness of night I despaired over the two women that I loved - my wife & the temptress - I could not decide which to let go of – for I wanted & needed both and could not decide - there are always two worlds to everything – duality in desire – duality in soul – duality in choices - and so I chose momentary silence between the thin haphazard borders known as neutrality - I needed time to collect myself – to think things out – her previous hypnotic eye trances were still drowning me & these current visions of her lying on the bed naked now boiled my blood – desirous temptations born out of true love – and I suddenly felt like that spider – catching myself in a web

of confusion – thoughtful threads of her word world tangled me - as I rambled into her physical & mental crevices - imagining ideals & fantasizing delusions - and for the next 2 hours she read out loud the first few chapters of "The Taste of a Man," by Slavenka Drakulic - her body swaying gently between pillows - her legs rocked slowly sideways - and I began to feel free – legs no longer paralyzed - and I began to fall deeper in love – true love – for I had forgotten love – she had too – wedding vow curse – no longer strangers somehow friends our eyes locked again – love in the air - for I was a prisoner almost ready to escape – to be free again - I was very hungry and it was amazing to taste love again – to digest it - her hair nestled with jewelry tangled threads – jasmine voice shimmering & sparkling in my nervous ears as I slipped out of my chair – she passionately continued to read aloud – as I crawled towards the bed on my knees - and she heard me whimper – she heard me moan - so she stopped reading and rolled over to her western side with a Scorpio smile and whispered, "It's ok, come on over, we'll just lay & read & drink coffee together..." - and like a wild coyote I roamed to the edge of the bed – and I leapt up into the embrace of her words, "I like the taste of a man, the smell of him, the sounds & feelings too.." - and she giggled in happiness hugging me – there's nothing like the first

touch – or fresh embrace of a new woman - as she put the needle on the spinning black album – which twirled soft and gentle - Woody Allen's "Manhattan" soundtrack spilling horns in the night – as we laid there innocent – falling in love - thinking about betrayal - dreaming of freedom – both afraid of divorce – two hopeless romantics too afraid to say, "I love you…." - and later we faded to sleep – we faded to time – we became memory - her spell was deep - it would take months to break – maybe years – maybe another lifetime

crib prisons

as forewarned / i am in trouble / and my eyes are sore / skin curtains lift / revealing glass faucets bleeding sadness / and just beneath / grey circles spin around dry grey skin drooping / and i am tired of all of it / the excessive demands of work world displeasure / sucking your soul dry of life / sucking you dry of time-blood life essence / sucking through its economic vampire fabric lips / how do we escape? / these daily demands of work / everyone a prisoner to the needs of food, shelter & pride / oh and i wish i had enough money / so i wouldn't have to spend so much time / to get money / for money depreciates too just like my skin / my heart / my car / my dreams / but not as fast as time / and time can't be created / nor can time be touched / nor can it be without it being / is money the GOD of this world? / so elusive / like any other GOD / impossible / and so i sit here / crying gold sunshine in this silver gloom reality / thinking of fiat money / and so i sit / beneath art gallery fog light / conquered by fatigue foghorns / and i weave & navigate my shipyard words / across gentle waves of storm jealous night / safely fading to sleep in my soul dungeon prison / my shadow holding the key and locking the door / and i dream all night / about honesty & love / and i dream about

warm conversation truths / so sincere / and when i dream of these / i remember past lovers / etched in coffee shop doorways / on bus stop benches / sniffing red roses & eating dark chocolates / I remember their eyes / their lips / and all their farewells / yes the movies of past lovers / projects into my mind from infinite space & time memory / they are gone forever / but they are remembered with honesty & love / all of them special to me for just being themselves / for that is absolute / just be yourself / for this is important to the integrity of all human social interaction / you must be yourself / you must also be true to yourself before you can be honest with others / and i continue to dream / envisioning bats & spiders & worms / they are all hungry in the night / and i am too / where i kneel on my bended knee with hope / but hope leaves us powerless / wishing we were not powerless / and so we all hope more / but I wish it were not this way / i wish i was perfect / and you too / so i would not cry / so i would not feel humiliation / so i would not be ridiculed nor despised / so i would not feel many other countless things which do not feel good / which are poisons & bad soul food / i just wish to be more loved / to be more wise / to be more free / a bell tolls / BONG -- WRONG -- STRONG -- BONG / and so i wake / stretching in my shipyard dungeon / alone / starving like a Freudian Child in a

21st Century Crib / crying out loud for food, shelter & pride / but nobody replies / nobody cares / they won't share their food / they are too busy trying to escape from their Cribs / their mazes / their dungeons / seeking escape by trying to be disguised as someone else / someone else in a more lavish Crib / imitate to survive / follow the herd or be left behind / and nailed up against our internal walls our broken clocks leak time / dripping fast from a leak which can not be fixed / for there is no cure / no remedy / nor no stopping its deluge of death / and for your clock there is only so much time / before it runs out / and though we are all victims of vampires, leaks & pride / we are beauty / we are love / we are honestly human no matter what ...../ so be it / ...../ be that special part of the universe you are / be yourself ... / be love / give love / ....before time runs out ....

woman at the blueberry farm

In the field
you see her crawl on her knees
she turns her head
to look at you standing
with folded arms
in a white shirt
leaning against your car in the sun
curiosity beautifully freckled on her face
she waves back, in quick shy motion
blueberries crushed in her hands.

Like twinkling stars,
her eyes whisper secrets, extend invitations
you can see, but you cannot touch.

You approach her
come within breathing distance
she smiles
clutches a silver cross
around her neck
then mumbles "Laba Diena" in a foreign accent.

You seek
the right words before you speak
but you do not know
her language.

nude

Being nude is being free free from bondage of inhibition free bondage of guilt and bondage of fear bondage of shame let the worldly eye be and see you nude where your smooth toes rest with short colored hair sprouting over curves of red painted nails some skin color illuminating moonshine porcelain off white some skin color illuminating amber brown both colors and bodies beautiful naked our naked body with some parts clean other parts dirty no-one perfect yet imperfection yeilds to more beauty our breasts and bellies right and wrong to naked desire body image determined by the eye of the beholder when we are naked such is the extreme beauty of life the life so short and priceless so why be ashamed to be nude ? for that's who you truly are. knee caps bending and extending holding the body upright a body that always begins young with smooth skin and then ends aged, if fortunate, with wrinkled skin behind soft lips we smile and frown living life's torturous ups and downs revealing teeth and tongue which speak of hopes and whisper fantasies and winding dizzy through naked hairy nostrils we breath the essence of life inhaling invisible oxygen for inner cells enabling us to move our naked bodies across universe of space and time pink naked

nipples to feed children and titilate excite invite lover smiles firm stiff nipples protrude outward wanting to be touched and admired by fingertips and lips naked the rollercoaster slope of buttocks the mountain crest of cleavage the bumpy hills of spine bone naked we are always so why be ashamed of the ball bag dangling swing sway or the gentle soft vagina gate pathway I am NUDE so I can be hurt by eyes & words and weather so I need the cure which is love some love the hard wide penis and others the narrow pink cunt tunnel and why not for we are are sexual we all are NUDE so kiss me nude touch me nude carress me nude be rough to me nude be gentle to me nude make me orgasm NUDE clothes are for inhibitions clothes are for cowards if we are never NUDE our life won't go on WE wouldn't desire each other in that way to explode and implode ORGASM nor REPRODUCE a new life so realize when I am not naked you can't kiss me nor can you touch me because you feel only my clothes nor can you see me REALIZE YOU CAN'T SEE ME UNLESS I AM NUDE so why must I be ashamed and why must you be ashamed to be nude for nude is pure truth nude is pure beauty no lies no artifice nor treason just raw naked skin & nude emotion & thought feeling prayer from SOUL soaked in nude beauty of nature so think & blink & rethink then be nude it's free to be nude don't

cost a thing but it cost you to be clothed and hide being nude so let them see your varicose veins and lady leg hairs and stiff rib bones and fatty flab deposits for it is fine to be NUDE fine to be ALIVE fine to be BREATHING the essence of life overcome the inhibitions & be NUDE.

guilt

Like thE tiN maN of Oz starVing foR soMe oiL to lOOSen up craZy nerVe sTORm tENsioNS bINdINg me in soUL mInD sPiRit meTaLLic hAnDcuFFs, thE fEAr gHOsT CoP waLKiNg mE On thE eLECtriCAL jiTTer tIghTroPe as I struGGle to sUrVive beNeath blooD thiRsty bLade the mAd sWiRliNg stoRm wiTh raGinG huRriCane eYeS appROaCHing and gaiNing poWer to bURn The wrEtchEd wItchEs rUnnIng fOr covEr in uNhoLy cAVEs wITh scATTERed sMelly reMainS oF hELLs sKELeTal THievEs wHo iN My soUl haVe leFT disGraCed sHadOws aNd sIcK dArK sKieS oVerHeaD liKe dEEp BlAcK wOuNdS seeKING rEvEngE FoR sToLeN INNocence.

nerves

Nerves bending
Stretching to corners
Where limits are sketched
Ready to snap back
From infinity
And return to shadows

Nerves clench ice filled
Triangular glasses
Stiff and hard
Ready to shatter
Insecure
Trembling as eyes
Scan them
Cold shiver as fingers
Caress them

Nerves like snakes near flame
Hiding in confused body
Seeking shelter
In words, thoughts
And rituals
Always near fires
Burning within

Nerves scared and lonesome
In dark corridors of the mind
Dim lit by friends
Sketched as ghosts

Which carry candles

Nerves, cold to the touch
Inhale thoughts
Haunted by memory boomerang
Exhaled by ego mystique
Which operates like orphan child
Jealous and sullen
In old submarine
Emerging from deep
Mind thought dungeons
Seeking love and peace
From frequent haunting

Nerves as highways paving
Lecithin strands
Wind in storms
Enormous and electrical
Wet highways for
Traffic of thought
Where words travel

And like cars collide
So do thoughts
Ideals made of words
Letters & symbols
To be delivered
In lecithin strands
Traveling lonesome
And magnetic
To home for conflict
And doorway to resolution

Nerves
Curled and discolored
Bulge like veins on old legs
Its youth to escape
From thought prison
Punished by emotions & time.

lost in the maze

where have all these demons come from
to devour me in madness
to shrivel my senses and cripple my logic
leaving me naked and scared of Angels?

on the roads of tomorrow
I hope innocence returns
or else I may rot in hell
a fallen star
burning in neutral black oblivion
lost in the maze.

rainy day

rainy day,
sleeping sunshine,
come wake my sorrowful mind
express yourself
on mountains, cities and windows
blow them your kiss
and release the twisting love storms within
or soon they will become tornadoes
recluse and reckless

rainy day,
sprinkle your gentle fingers
over humanity
cleanse its filth
feed the seeds
planted in their gardens
replenish their reservoirs
when they hide from you
beneath umbrellas
blow sideways
and chuckle
explore their ticklish cheeks

rainy day
bring crowds into video stores
movie theatres and shopping malls
make windshield wipers
wave at you
giving thanks for its creation
in sheltered places

bring people together
so they may share a tear
or laugh

rainy day
brew negative ions
so they are warned
you are near

on sidewalks
push aside the trash
in your therapeutic way
calm the urges
which haunt their minds
let your deluge
be wisdom
to drown their vast vicious shadows
and wash them to the gutter.

behind your foggy lips
shout out towards pain
expose remorse voids
look at me from your clouds
without regret

rainy day,
lay my eyes to sleep
guide me from cold pillows of poverty
caress my car
hours after I leave the carwash

rainy day
make us want to nap

in beautiful vacant beds
inspire us to turn on TV's
and eat popcorn
reawaken our naked needs
and hibernating inhibitions
bring each lover closer
extend atmosphere's perfect
to fulfill observations purpose

wrap up our senses
in your wrath of wisdom
grab us by the collarbones
and shatter fears
rain your clear visions of truth

rainy day
visit mountains
and transform to snow
form challenges for skiers
and make football games
more fun to watch.

rainy day,
the sky your stage
may you act in the arts
masked in water
masquerading with various sounds
expressing your moods

invite winds
to push sailboats from shore
free them from their long days
at work

blind the battleships
armed seeking trouble
on the high tide Caspian waves
salty beneath the comet filled sky
unseen stars fire flickering bright
behind your rain
where mysteries lurk

rainy day
bring the infants a new question
marvels of what you are
in various languages to parents

rainy day
may your destructive juice be exorcised
by scientific traditions
leaving only unfinished portraits of self
affliction
in gutters of water
your rain diluted
in the flow which entertains the boredom
cleanse
consumed by deaf soul delinquents
rich with privileged inheritances
second class only to GOD,
on a forever one way first class descent to
hell
aboard the overcrowded train,
looking at the rain
through the dark infinite time twisted tunnel
windows smeared by breath
with bulging eyes peaking through

revealing afflicted emotions
mutated intentions and sorry morale
guilty in the rain

rainy day
thank you for
giving to us

bad wake insomnia

it is 3 a.m.
and the snow outside
is making you colder
than I am
strange because
I am hogging the sheets
and you are playing dead
laying on your side
pretending you are asleep
your cold buttocks
like ice trays pressed
hard against my navel
I ask,
"what is wrong?"
your answer comes
and then it
leads me to turn
over to my side
curious
the red light
from the alarm clock
keeping me awake
the room so silent
I can hear the paint
curl on the wall

my back turned to
your naked buttocks
where skirts dangle
tight over your legs
all day happy
while waving hello
to the world

long night, I'm tired
don't want to count sheep
instead find myself
counting the days
back to our first night
memories different
from now.

the morning comes
your eyes avoid mine
the shower curtain opens
you exit
like proud swan dripping
from warm thunder storm
I don't know what to say
but I want to say something
the hairdryer
breaks the silence
which you control

as I tie the knot
around my neck

and button my shirt
I watch you
in the mirror
tightening the straps
on your bra
and cuffing your breasts
with your palms
they are safely secured
bracelets now encircle
your wrists
red polish on your nails
fresh perfume in the air
perfect like sunshine
in summer

still not a word spoken
"What are you thinking?"
don't you know
I'm in love with you
so sorry if
you are sick of me
the door slams ……..
I peek through the curtains
you make your exit to the car
my heart torn, still waiting for
"Farewell."
My soul sore & sad from
no kiss goodbye

beautiful hearts

beauty is like metal
destined to rust
change etched in its essence
cycles infinite
each reborn and endless

hearts are like windshields
all must shatter
it may happen in death's junkyard
or during accidents
on the roads of love.

simplicity is a puzzle assembled,
when deconstructed and rearranged
becomes complex and confusing
improper ends don't connect
resolutions elusive
mysterious
and repel resolution

haircut from hell

through the glass window
the red neon light
illuminates,

"$12 Cuts"

I walk in the door
approach the counter

scents of hairspray
plastic combs, nail polish
and perfume
decorate the air

I cough
to clear my lungs
and expel the fumes

fans and the air conditioner
keep the air chilly

fading in the boisterous
traffic of hair dryers
and techno-music
I hear a woman say,
"Cash or Check only, Sir"

the old man
in front of me
removes cash
from his wallet
then drops a quarter

bing
  bing
bing

it slams to the
ground
then rolls left
and twirls right
escaping beneath
a shampoo shelf
resting over dust
and un-swept hair

he curses
revealing stained
yellow teeth
behind his gray beard
then quickly walks
out the door

noisy bells attached
rattle and
hum

at the counter
the heavy set woman
with short brown hair

clenches a black comb
looks me in the eye

before I can speak
she hurriedly says,
"please have a seat sir
it'll be about 20 minutes"

sensing slight hostility
I keep silent
nod my head
and turn to the wall

there is only one
empty chair left
centered between 2 kids

on the floor
M&M wrappers
and mud collect
beneath their sneakers

I sit myself down
and recline back

to my left
a boy is clutching
a Cosmopolitan magazine

"hello mister"
the boy says
waving his dirty right palm

I notice his lifeline
is wavy and long

"How are you?"
I reply, waving back

"Good"
he says turning
his attention back
to the magazine

his sticky fingers
rainbow stained by M&M's
keep busy
with a blue crayon
scribbling mustaches
and beards
on the thin page
models

I chuckle at his vandalism
wishing I was young again

his sister
to my right
combs the blond hair
of a plastic baby

turns her head
to her mother and asks,
"Mommy, Mommy can
she get a haircut too?"

across from me
their mother
sits in tight white jeans
and is painting her
nails red

looks at the girl and replies,
"No Dear"
giving me a friendly tired smile

moments later
the hairdresser asks,
"Are you children ready?"

then takes them away
escorting them to
conformity chair

i watch their metamorphisis
it is painless, charming
Kafka would be proud

10 minutes later

I am stuck
in the green
conformity chair
ready to be transformed
from monsterous freak
to average square
soon to be Faceless Citizen
in Kafka's penal colony

a long black apron draped
over my chest
tucked into my neck

she drenches me with
the wet mist water bottle storm

pulls a comb from her jar,
"How do you want it today?"
she asks, chomping on her gum
looking at me in the mirror
I can tell she's not the talking type
strictly business

I point to my ears and say,
"Leave the ears about halfway,
trim the bangs, and keep the length
in the back"

"Ok" she replies
bending my chin into my chest

I turn my eyes up
towards the mirror
where I can see
her scissors snipping my curls
and butchering my bangs

wet hairs halved
sliding off the apron
unto the floor

I close my eyes

and listen
to her silver scissors
busy and shiny
snipping

the transformation
has begun

against my shoulders
I feel her breasts rub
they are large
and soft
like water balloons

snip--snip---snip-------
snip--- snip--- snip---

deforming my un-conforming style
of long wild
unconventional hair follicles

her fingers rolling through
my thick hair
her nails scraping my scalp
collecting dead skin

she asks, "How's the length?"
looking as if I better not say,
"It sucks."
& "I now look like shit"
& "You took it all off the back"
& "They can see my ears"
"I wish it would grow back fast"

but instead
I reply, "It looks great."
and "It is perfect."

her hands
loosen the paper clasp
around my neck

she gives me a cold glance
she can tell I lied

I launch
out of the chair
hearing her
telepathic thoughts
abuse me
angry words sift through
bone and skull
seeping wireless
into my mind

silence is priceless
for it can hide secrets
for free

I tip her $3 cash
preparing my escape

and escape I must
from conformity
from hell.

ybor city

On every sidewalk of Ybor City, glass is scattered in broken pieces from bottles shattered by hot tempers of miserable men against the withering lampposts -- cigar smoking ghosts remain invisible to the youth guarding the history of their city -- seeing its history change with matchsticks burning memory -- every other doorway is boarded behind nails concealing history in a dusty room of time rusted culture where lost sewer rodents rest to sleep inside the closed cigar factory -- once Florida market leader decades ago -- signs hang from metal rods where adolescents exchange artistic forms of contemporary expression speaking in a jargon confusing to pot bellied phantoms soaking against lampposts with folded arms -- café windows stand unwashed – not feeling a rag since the summer of love back in 1967 – doomed by granules of yellow salt pollen now brushed against its glass -- the renovated banks are thankful for the social gatherings of poets & freaks who feel the need to replace greed –they also seek an economy of spirituality deviant of previous norms -- Ybor City is a museum surviving in Cuban ancestry and midnight ramblers that travel on boot heels of mad thirst for drunken freedom from delicate day breath philosophy -- their eyes bloodshot and

distant like youthful stars ready to be born from the second story porches soaked in big band era echoes – echoes now helplessly wrapped beneath the plastic synthetic sounds of 21st century music – new notes & music symbols float in the air until like water balloons they splatter into the gutters drifting into sewers of appreciation execution -- vixen vampires with purple fingers and black polished nails extend their handshakes over dark shadows in mysterious doorways where common folk pass by -- interrupted by her black heels -- she is confident that a lover will come and save her from the silence of solitude which hides its face behind curtains of uncertainty and fear -- although she looks like a tramp she is more angelic than anyone else can guess – every Sunday she kneels -- praying for forgiveness for previous sexual guilt and other sinful notions she genetically inherited from demented ancestors cursed by GOD for mistakes of free will decision -- if you ever see her there her name is Victoria, she's Spanish & smokes Pall Mall's and likes to dance to Sinatra wears miniskirts to attract men but hates to make love to them instead prefers kissing & dining & smoking grass & getting drunk with poison pills & reading Bukowski while upside down dangling from a third story window with ankles rope tied from a bed post & chanting private mantra dizzy eyed seeking dimensional shelter from

society & counting 35 drops of herbal extract into water glass ready to swallow nerve calming 8 hour cure -- preferred over corporate synthetic constituent – her eyes very sad to see innocence fading -- in Ybor City there are many bricks in the street -- if you can count them then you know how many questions about GOD everyone here has had in the last 5 seconds as the large gold plated cross mounted in the small Cajun churchyard reflects the neon carpets of pastel lights which shine in shades of creamy green and crimson -- on fire hydrants of canine graffiti healthy pigeons are perched in a mating frenzy ignoring food scraps burrowed beneath garbage pails -- the post office is closed because the mail boxes are always empty & the parking meters are too & the cops too bored to enforce laws which are tired of deviance -- Ybor City your stars are not in the sky but in the darkness of your youth.

warm in booby land

I'm laying in bed
next to my naked lover
my fingers are cold
but luckily it's warm
in booby land

she curls her left leg over mine
rubs her foot against my ankle
I feel good

the dog's cold nose
brushes her ass
she jumps

" I guess I have to go"
she says turning over to one side
facing the dog

he sits there watching
behind furry
jealous drooping eyes

"they're wondering where
I am" she replies
slipping a bra on
and combing her hair

"no"
I beg,
"no, not yet"

she ignores me
while slipping on
a dress

"come on...."
she says waving at the dog
"you gotta pee?"

outside a car horn
honks loudly
she slips on her heels
and rushes to the front door

"there's some left over
pizza in the refrigerator"
she says quickly
kissing me
on the cheek

I gently grab her right arm
And stop her from going
Through the door,
"When will you be back?"

she ignores me
and instead tugs
her arm away

the impatient car horn
honks again
this time louder and longer

"Love you hunnn...."
she says, slipping through
the door

an hour later
My fingers are cold again
My nails bluish and purple
Yearning for warm
Booby land.

slave tired souls

bizarre soul mind sleepy after working all day busy with paper reports & cubicle phone call rings hands trembling for fresh coffee pot warmth fingers clutching Styrofoam cups meeting separated lips slurping caffeine doom -- your ears hearing 5 p.m. alarm - then you give a fast insincere goodbye to everyone -- "goodnight you all..." you say turning towards the door nearly tripping over a garbage pail overflowing with incorrect spreadsheets ruined earlier by somebody spinning the gossip wheel hours after CFO request -- restless you wait in traffic next to all the other slaves squeezed in lanes full of cars feeling like sardines sealed in fiberglass car -- sick of listening to car horns & early evening talk show radio debates -- you look at yourself yawning in the rear view mirror - face drooping heavy -- eyes sagging over blue crescents --you wish you were home-on your coach - helping the kids with homework -eating sushi -watching comedy shows - ready to brush your teeth & fall to sleep - you're just another tired slave in another workday -- the traffic light turns green - somebody ahead blocks traffic -- you lose more stolen time --luckily a few cars sneak thru the yellow -- you're still stuck & have to wait again-- stiff neck & dry itchy

eyes set in as you watch a couple of love bugs get whacked by a sudden rush of hail which pelts your windshield -- you feel bad for them -- sense injustice -- dark clouds hang overhead like doji's in a candlestick stock chart -- rowdy sadness hail pours from sky heaven soaked -- eventually you get through all the traffic - all the lights - using up all patience - your sore feet swollen in leather shoe land cage needing a midnight massage -- oh you dream of that -- wish for it -- too expensive right now -- visions of your naked lover consume you in warm fantasy -- naked bath tub visions beneath bubbles -- you run a stop sign -- somebody's horn honks -- mufflers spew loose thick old car carbon stench which gets sucked into your car's air conditioner-- making you cough -- their brakes screech -- an angry face emerges from a rolled down window -- quickly you turn the corner -- your house now in sight - light-headed & stressed you charge straight ahead -- you pull into the driveway -- kids come running out of the garage -- little hands & feet smooth like china dolls' -- you love them -- they smile at you, come running to the door -- hug your legs --its hard to smile back because you're very tired -- you try anyways -- can tell it's not for real ? -- your lover leaning against French doorway waving happily also showing signs of slave tired soul -- tea kettle within gargles then screams -- hot water

meets green tea held captive in Chinese mug -- everyone settles down to eat fast food chicken & cold French fries -- the kids tell you today's school stories & troubles -- from the youngest one, you can sense bad grades coming -- as usual, nobody has any homework -- two teachers were out sick again today -- you almost forgot, tomorrow is school night -- you'll have to go straight from work -- ah, you finally make it to the couch -- its soft & comfy -- your lover now passed out after drinking valerian tea -- kids asleep on the floor & across your lap -- your mind too tired to wait for the 10 o'clock news -- too tired to change your clothes & brush your teeth -- invisible internal fingers emerge to close your heavy eye lids -- sleep comes to take you into 6 hour dream world escape-- goodnight dear neighbor

dedicated to Utah

I couldn't help but laugh
as they photographed
us in the alleyway
lips giggling after
our laziness pipe
shirts & underwear
exchanging hands
& littering cold cement
sudden bright flashes
blinding our eyes
revealing shock expressions
to their faces
how it seemed funny
to get arrested
and make the morning headline
" Two tourists busted
in Utah alleyway.....
..for having ..."
our pipe confiscated
later held as court evidence
my naked toes
still remember
rough homeless feeling
of blue cop car rug
it almost hurt like tacks
but yet it tickled
and while handcuffed
we waved goodbye
to thankful media men
clutching microphones

you were now proud
to be pregnant
and on the way to jail
with the father
and now
it is 17 years later
our daughter still
wondering why her
first name is Utah
but we will
never tell her.

friendly meeting

I was pissed off that
I hadn't gotten laid
In 2 weeks
My girlfriend was in her
Usual stupor of
"I don't want it"
&
"I don't need it"
because
"I have the vibrator."
&
"Plenty of Batteries."

& So I curiously
In sexually tense fury
Returned home
To our distant past
Of restaurant rendezvous
Revenge

Where I met you
With your brown olive skin
& savior biblical name
"Gabrielle"
a magic so cool
beneath your soft blue pants
with you hitting on
me casually & swift, just
like I would be

If I was you, so pretty
Peaceful & kind

And you like
Veggie burgers too
This commonality
Our friendly connection

& yeah the soy sausage
patties do suck
& you definitely agree
that it's nothing quite like getting the real
thing

& I believe that love
is that way
and orgasm too
you can fake it
but it's not the same
without passion

maybe you're lucky
& don't need me
to tell you that

indecision

Should I leave you now
& commence the journey
Before me
Where other women
Wait naked
In red ruffled dresses
Unraveling love storms

Or should I stay
To be disappointed again
By another man
You desire?

Across my palms
A brown ant stumbles
It's antennae weary
From reading
Broken fate lines scribbled
Beneath the naked shadows
Of a gypsy moth
Hovering low with gray hair & wings
Warning of darker times ahead
Where "Ominous forebodings lurk"
loudly whispering "But it is ok....
As long as you accept it..."
For when you don't accept something
Nature eats you alive
With anxieties & madness,
"So go on your way, in the maze

confused,
& Accept it for what it is,
For this is the wisdom
I give to you."

& so my question remains
"Should I leave you now?"
I guess I don't know the
right answer.....nor fate....
...otherwise....
I would choose it.

the search or escape

painful collision of desires, minds, souls in mysterious invisible junkyard of human structure born from dual shadows haunting synaptic corridors in ego hallway maze seeking hearts twisted silly by cosmic hands carved delicate in fate secretly complex in karma kept hidden in ABSOLUTE TRUTH revealing something wrong with everyone in this world no exceptions as we all stoop with short sore backs to pick up missing pieces for our scattered soul puzzles hindered by thieves stealing our self-naked pieces as we trespass youth with age & trespass innocence with guilt pleasing NUDE BANDITS alive as manifested desires & EGO hiding within thriving in that moment when you are weak, lonesome, vulnerable, that moment when you will cave in to sin and painful actions which hurt & destroy self in confusion circles fleeing blindfolded lost into EGO MAZE CRAZE only to get more lost and more confused- but the NUDE BANDITS are here for a good purpose – to uncover the greater good in all things bad – out of all bad, comes something good – nothing is wasted - seek the good purpose - When you want something ask yourself "What is it that I really want?" Do I want

that object I desire or is it something else, something much deeper? What is it that I want, is it material or spiritual? Your answers are your missing 'pieces' which you need in order to complete your journey to perfection, to complete your puzzle of imperfect ego and self, to resolve your Garden of Eden curse. Everyday we are on a journey to seek or escape these missing pieces, these answers to questions. Are you seeking or escaping....the nude bandits? -

revelation

true love of your dreams / fruit of Eden / wedding vow curse / divorce / dreams sucked into oblivion / GOD has them in a jar and is studying them / on the seventh day / studying & worrying with curious eyes & omnipotent mind / pondering the calamities of free will / and preparing the cure / revelations / the preacher is teaching me how to pray / he is right / I should have listened to my inner voice / but I was young / just a child / my wisdom then / innocent / pure / but now weary and weak / outlook on life now confusing / peace of mind puzzle / scattered by questions / clues found in libraries / bring journeys life long / many puzzle pieces missing / always keeping scientists busy / philosophers and mathematicians too / no one knows where they lurk / yet I search for the pieces everywhere / they are invisible / and hidden / maybe GOD has them in his jar / we all need to find our peace / to complete the puzzle / no exceptions / for I live to be true / true to something more real than an ideal / something that I can trust / and so I wonder / in the end / will we become / the butterfly / perfect because of changes meant to be / I am getting used to these changes / everyone has to / our mistakes make us better / every single day / embrace them / we have no

other choice / this is God's gift to you and me / the answers are within you / true love unveils secrets / forget pills and binoculars / inhale and close your eyes / we all have shadows / bandits /and in every moment of light / I walk with mine / we step naked / unmasked / behind stage curtains and closet doors / always happy to be here living / yet secretly scared of judgment lurking outside the doors / where people applaud us / we bow to them / waving farewell / I flutter my fragile wings in a jar / and wonder / if I will become the moth or butterfly / I pray / many forebodings lurk / luckily my breath continues / and life goes on

die another day

What is life about?
What is life about to you?

Do you know?
Are you having trouble finding out?
If so, imagine yourself dying, imagine your final moments, imagine how you would feel, imagine your loved ones, imagine what you wished to accomplish but never tried to.
What are your regrets when you imagine?
What do you wish for when you imagine?
These questions will give you clues.

What purpose do you live for?
Is life to you about the pursuit of money, the pursuit of possessions, the pursuit of prestige, the pursuit of happiness, the pursuit of love,
the pursuit of pride, the pursuit of family?
What is life about to you?
And at what expense do you pursue your purpose? There is always a cost.

And so you ask,
"What is life about?"
and to that I answer,
"To each his or her own purpose."

For this is the wisdom of the mind, the eye, the heart, the emotion, the breath and the day.
This is the blessing of free will
This is the blessing of freedom
This is the blessing of choice.

What is life about?

"To each their own."

For life does not flow without purpose
What is your purpose?
It does not flow without sacrifice
So what do you sacrifice to pursue it?
It costs us time.

Invisible, irreplaceable, precious time.
and yet we only have so much time

It is not purpose that is expensive
but instead it is the time we spend to pursue it

What is life about?
To each their own.
So be it.